

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

DEAR SUSAN: The spring time exodus to the country about Washington is well under way, and truly the country is lovely enough to charm the whole population away from the city. The trees have burst suddenly into leaf, and yet have not lost their tender green; the flowering bushes are a mass of bloom, and everywhere the fruit trees are a glory.

In the Woods, the David Fairchild's country place on the Chevy Chase and Kensington pike, tucked out of sight in the woods, as its name implies, is at its loveliest, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, who have only just moved out from town, invited a number of friends for 5 o'clock tea yesterday afternoon to see their fruit trees in bloom. A regular "feast of cherries" it was, for its cherry trees are the pride of the place. They are duplicates of those sent by the Mikado to President Taft, which now decorate the Speedway.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Grosvenor, the latter a sister of Mrs. Fairchild, have also taken possession of their summer home near Bethesda; the Leonard Nicholson moved to "Lennell," near Rockville, on Friday, and so it goes.

The Chester Wells have become country folk in good standing; indeed, they spend most of the year in the country, and their place, "Woodend," in Rock Creek valley, back of Chevy Chase lake, and not far from the famous and picturesque old "Clean Drinking Manor," is one of the prettiest homes about Washington. With the yellow of the forsythia, the white and shell pink of the fruit trees and the red of the Japanese quince, it is right now a glorious riot of color.

Real April showers, sudden and sharp, and an errant chilly breeze did their best to spoil the tennis at the Chevy Chase Club on Thursday; but the fashionable world is optimistic, and turned out in force, trying to persuade itself that summer had arrived. The sport clothes and gay silk sweaters of the girls and the flannels of the young men drifting about the golf course are "shoot-ing" a snappy set or two of tennis, belied the heavy wraps of the spectators, who formed an enthusiastic gallery about the court where Connie Doyle and the great Norris Williams played, and put to shame the pale spring green of the trees and even the glory of the forsythia and the other flowering shrubs.

The world and his wife were there. Mrs. Clarence Moore had her two charming youngsters in tow and I noted her gown with interest, as she made a particularly distinguished figure standing in the veranda chatting with Mrs. Edward Mitchell. Her short skirts gave her a very girlish look, and her suit, which was rather plain, was unusually well cut, and was made up in a curious shade of gray-green, in delightful contrast with her smart blue hat. A frivolous little rosebud applied to the breast of her coat, as if peeping from her pocket, added a modish and original touch.

Frances Moore was on hand, too, drifting about with Frances Williams and Elmer Langworthy; Dr. Glazebrook, umpire, while his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Glazebrook, who are the guests; Mrs. Evelyn Whiting, and Mrs. Charlie Hume made up a jolly party on the side lines. Mrs. William D. Connor entertained at bridge early in the afternoon, and later I saw several of her guests, Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. John Russell, Mrs. Mann, and one or two others grouped together among the spectators.

Carolyn Nash, who is but recently back from Atlantic City, had on a most becoming taupe sailor—I noticed, by the way, a great many big hats and sat for a while gossiping with Mrs. Ord Preston and the Greeley girls, with Marian Leutze in a green suit, standing near by, and Ord Preston and Frank Hyatt in the offing.

Elizabeth Wiley, in a bright blue sweater, saashed with yellow, made a colorful picture on one of the tennis courts; Alys Downing and one of the Fitch girls looked very summery in their sport coats and Panama hats, evidently just out of the courts, and I noticed a number of smart suits in cotton corduroy, usually in the ubiquitous sand color.

The new addition to the verandas at the back of the club house is very gracefully designed and lends new charm to the scene, besides giving ample room for tea parties, with the added advantage of enlarging the outdoor dining room by half. And yesterday the tea parties were numerous and very jolly.

Mrs. Tom Dixon is planning a bridge party on Wednesday at the Highlands as a farewell jollification before she and her husband leave within the next fortnight for their home in Australia. They have been in this country for a long visit, spending some time in San Francisco, and occupying an apartment here for the winter months, and have been particularly popular additions to the younger set in Washington. Mr. Dixon, you know, is a brother of Mrs. Chester Wells, who also hails originally from Australia.

The Secretary of State was invited not long ago to a private studio tea party for a private view of himself, for as large as life and half as handsome, done in canvas and oils, he reposes upon an easel in a strong northern light, fresh from the palette of Michel Jacobs, a young artist of Paris, Washington and the rest of the world.

The portrait of Mr. Bryan is a notable achievement, showing the subject seated in an easy pose, in a gray business suit, a look of pleasant thoughtfulness upon his countenance, as he meditatively taps his hand with his eye-glasses. And the artist, who has recently established himself in Washington, as I believe I wrote you not long ago, has expressed his admiration for Mr. Bryan in various presentations of the distinguished gentleman, having modeled one large bust of him in clay and several smaller ones.

The picture of the Secretary of State, the most salient object in Mr. Jacobs' studio, is surrounded by portraits of other celebrities from the same brush.



CYNTHIA HUSSEIN.

Little Cynthia Hussein, daughter of the Turkish Charge d'Affaires and Mme. Hussein Bey, is one of the most attractive children of the Diplomatic Corps, very like her English mother, and with the charming manner common to well bred English youngsters. She made a particularly cunning picture in her quaint colonial costume at the Breckenridge children's fancy party.

Mme. Hussein has a great gray Angora cat, which is her constant attendant whenever she leaves home, and she effects gray gowns so often that it is doubtful whether she matches pussy or pussy is tinted to match her gown. However that may be, she makes a very pretty picture in her soft draperies, and the big cat, with her feathery tail, is a most effective detail.

There is Anna Pavlova prouetting in her ballet skirts upon the tips of her toes just as monochromatically and unadorned as if a Mr. Bryan, who disapproves of dancing and drinking, cussing and kissing the girls, were not gazing across the room and sternly tapping his glasses at her.

There is Theresa Carmina, the piano lady, in draperies of moonshine and violets, against a shadowy background from which peep the faces of the great musicians of all ages. Hard by, Israel Zangwill gloms upon the motley company with his forceful presence and a lovely lady in peacock colors comba her red, red hair before an ancient mirror; while the artist, painted by himself, as Rembrandt used to do, beams from another canvas.

There are old mahoganies and rare curios and an alcove done in crimson burlap and hung in artistic studies, where pretty ladies pour tea from a genuine Russian Samovar. A kitchenette, too, is part of the studio equipment and there is a nice old-fashioned Virginia mammy making delectable dainties to serve to Mr. Jacobs' guests at his famous Saturday afternoon tea parties.

The Victrola in the corner is a merry little busy bee and fox-trotting the order of the day; but I must confess that the day the Secretary called there was much stopping red-handed and hot-footed in the middle of a measure when the word came that his foot was upon the stair.

We have fascinating studio parties, too, at the workshop, near the Treasury, of Julien Zolnay, the Hungarian sculptor, who married a little Kentucky artist and once in a while at the studio of his distinguished colleague, Jerome Connor, who married a Tennessee girl.

Mr. Connor has recently completed a bronze bust of Genevieve Clark dubbed appropriately "The Daughter of Democracy," which will be placed in the National Gallery of Art.

Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, I understand, is telegraphing intermittently to Miss Callie Doyle to know the exact date of Mrs. Mary's sailing for this country, as she wants to meet her in New York, to obtain first-hand and as soon as possible news of her daughter, Princess Cantacuzene. Prince Cantacuzene, who was wounded early in the war, has, it seems, quite recovered and is again at the front, but mails are unsettled in these perilous days and letters unsatisfactory, so the friendly bearer of news has come to his own again.

Mrs. Mary's return has, however, been postponed until after the first of May, owing to a submarine scare, and when she does come she will be accompanied by Mrs. William Holden Noble and the little daughter of the Sherman Miles. Mrs. Mary's letters are full of interest, and she writes that there is nothing she would take for her experience of this winter.

I called at the Walmouths the other afternoon to find both Mrs. Walmouth and the general very much upset. George Washington was suffering terribly; he had the toothache, and the doctor said that he must have his tooth pulled. Now, as George Washington is a cat, this presented some difficulties, but it was finally accomplished, to the tune of shrieks that almost brought the police down upon the house, and George is on the mend. He is a huge, fine-

looking animal, but rather crabbed, professing the utmost distaste for men, with the exception of General Walmouth, of whom he is very fond, and has required much coaxing during his illness.

"Just at Christmas time, when gifts and giving were in the air," said a girl recently at a luncheon, "I met a friend who stopped me, with a beaming countenance and bursting with excitement, to tell me he had just bought his wife a wonderful Christmas present—visions of diamond tiaras and necklaces of pearls flashed through my mind—'three marmosets and a toucan!'"

The man, it seems, was Dr. Monroe Hopkins, and Mrs. Hopkins must have found his gift acceptable, for the marmosets have become a part of the household. The toucan—let me pause, Susan, to remark that a toucan is a bird of sorts—however, initiated upon conversing continuously, and as his voice was curiously akin to a creaking axle, he was disposed of for the sake of the neighbors.

Albert and Elizabeth, after the King and Queen of the Belgians, they have named two of the furry beasts, and the bird is "the Moho." But unfortunately there has been no increase in the census of the marmoset population, for Elizabeth's sex, it develops, belies the name. So now they are looking about for a little lady marmoset or two to add to the menagerie.

Mrs. Robert Patterson, who had planned to go to California this week to spend the summer months with her parents, has postponed her journey until the first week in June.

Elizabeth Reeside's innumerable friends are elated at the prospect of her appearance at Keth's, which, I hear, is scheduled for the near future. Rumor has it that she will be on the bill for a week, and thus those who love her voice and those who have never had the opportunity to hear her are assured of a treat.

"Who is that handsome woman in black?" was the question I heard a dozen times at the Army and Navy Club on Thursday evening, the lady in question being Mrs. Donnelly, wife of Capt. Edward Donnelly, of Fort Myer, and with her were her guests, the two pretty Braisted girls from New York, who have set half the bachelor officers at the post by the ears.

Mrs. Frank Reeside has cards out for a bridge party on Thursday afternoon at her attractive home in Bancroft place. Her debutante daughter, Lois, is a particular charm of Dorothy Berthoff, the two are inseparable, and are an unusual pretty and attractive pair.

"Jehipping," the handsome home of the William R. Corbys on Chevy Chase circle will be the setting tomorrow night for a reception and musicale which Mr. and Mrs. Corby will give in compliment to the president general, Mrs. William Cummings Story and the Patriots Memorial Chapter, of the D. A. R.

Letters have reached Washington from Catherine Britton and Nona McAdoo, telling of their work among the wounded and that they have decided upon the American Hospital in Paris as the best field for their endeavors. Which reminds me of a story I heard recently, a story so amusing that I fear it must be apocryphal. It seems some one asked a relative of one of the girls if she did not hate to think of their being over there so far from home, working among a lot of strange men and undergoing such real drudgery.

"Oh, no," she replied, "it's all very nice where they are. You see they have none but invited wounded."

Dr. Frank Glazebrook and his attractive wife returned on Friday to their home in Morristown, N. J., after a visit with Dr. and Mrs. Larkin Glazebrook at their P street home. The New Jersey doctor is still recovering from an attack of appendicitis and is much improved by his rest here. He is a successful physician in his home town, which is not many miles from Elizabeth, where his father was rector of a large church, before he received the appointment as consul to Jerusalem, which he now holds.

Dr. and Mrs. Glazebrook have rented their country house near Bethesda and are planning to spend the summer months at some resort where the children may have a change of scene and Mrs. Glazebrook a rest from the cares of housekeeping.

Robert Maverick has decided to settle down in Washington for some time, and to that end has taken an apartment in the Avondale. He hails originally from Texas, but has passed much of his life in New York and spent a great deal of time traveling, which is one of the things which makes him so interesting to talk to. He is just back from Palm Beach where he spent the late winter and had a wonderful time.

In the absence this year of the White House receptions, ordinarily the drowning events of a Washington season, the two largest and perhaps most brilliant functions of the winter have been the two receptions given by the Southern Society of Washington, one at the beginning of the season and the other an event of the past week.

The international cotton reception and ball given by the Southern Society and the Secretary of State on December 11 at the Pan-American building in compliment to the Diplomatic Corps will be long remembered for its beautiful decorations, interspersed everywhere with the snowy white of the cotton, and for the number of prominent people among the guests. Two Cabinet officers, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Navy, with their wives, were in the receiving line, with Claude Bennett, president of the society; Senator Fletcher, Senator Randall and Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and among the 2,500 guests were members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of Washington's official and resident circles.

And of all the entertainments given in honor of the visiting D. A. R., the reception and ball of the Southern Society on Thursday evening at the Willard was the most brilliant, being attended by nearly 3,000 people in gala array. The dancing continued for three hours, and modern dances were interspersed with old-time waltzes, although the Virginia reel, which had been planned, had to be given up because of the number in the ballroom. The Southern Society now has a membership of about 1,000.

Cedarhurst, L. I., selected by the German ambassador as the scene of the summer embassy, would seem to be an ideal choice, for the place is lovely; it is within easy motoring distance of New York, where most of the business of the embassy centers these days, and is easily accessible from Washington.

Moreover, this decision leaves Newport to the Russian ambassador, who has a lease on Stone Villa, the Bennett place, and the British and French envoys may and the British and French envoys may feel free to enjoy the outdoor life of the North Shore whenever they can escape from their duties here without fear of embarrassing encounters.

The Austrian Ambassador and Madame Dumba have made no announcement of their plans as yet, and the Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess Chinda have also still to select a summer home; but doubtless they, too, will use tact in the making of their plans, and will not risk being shut up in a small town with the representatives of the enemy, where the chance of meeting would be so much greater than in Washington, where everybody understands the situation and social desires are arranged accordingly.

The neutrals, of course, are unaffected by diplomatic differences, and may summer wherever the spirit moves them, so the Italian ambassador will be the neighbor of Sir Cecil Spring Rice on the North Shore, and the Spanish ambassador will occupy a villa at Newport near the summer home of the Bakhmetts.

The Mayflower will sail away next Friday with the Secretary of the Navy on board for Hampton Roads, where

Mr. Daniels will view the target practice. The dancing contingent of Washington society will be relieved to know that Lieutenant Langworthy, Todd, and the rest of the popular officers on the yacht will not be gone long, for the entire trip will only last about four days.

Mrs. Clarence Moore and Frances Moore are in San Francisco or at any of several points en route, according to which newspaper you read these days, but, as a matter of fact, they are still very much in Washington, witness the jolly dinner and dance they had last night, for which people came down from Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

They are planning a short trip to the Pacific coast, although nothing is definitely decided as yet, and expect to leave about the first of May, but they will spend most of the summer at their North Shore place.

During her mother's jaunt to New Jersey with Mrs. Hinckley, Crayl Crawford is staying at the Grafton with her uncle and aunt, Sir Richard Crawford, who is now attached to the British embassy in the capacity of financial expert, and Lady Crawford.

Sir Richard occupied the position of financial adviser to the minister of finance at Constantinople for some years, when one of his most arduous tasks was to devise ways and means for the impecunious Turkish government to pay each month the foreign charges on the Ottoman debt, and at least a part of the huge arrears due the army and navy and the civil employees.

He was given the rank of minister plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service with the object of strengthening his position in Constantinople; and, although he was in England in August last, when the war broke out, he hastened back to his post and remained there, with his wife, Lady Crawford, a charming Irish woman, until Turkey decided to sever her friendship with England and get into the fray.

Sir Richard and Lady Crawford were among the very last English people to leave Constantinople, abandoning their home and all their belongings, and are

loud in their praise of the American ambassador, who [shamprised] their cause when an attempt was made by the Turkish authorities to hold them as prisoners of war.

The romance of pretty Anne Gleaves and Lieut. Earle Van Metre, which culminated in the recent announcement of their engagement, would seem to be a case of propinquity, for young Lieutenant Van Metre was a member of her father's staff during the years that he was commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, and they were constantly thrown together. Anne is a winsome little person, and it was quite on the cards that he should lose his heart; but she has been wooed many times by young naval officers, and the winning of her is a feather in the cap of any young man.

Evelina Gleaves, Anne's younger sister—yes, she is the same youngster we used to see running about in short frocks—is also a growing up, and I hear, has already a string of young officers at her beck and call. It makes me feel positively decrepit!

In honor of Mrs. John Miller Horton, of Buffalo, recent of the largest chapter of the D. A. R. in the country, Mrs. George A. Armes is giving a dinner this afternoon at the Lord Baltimore Club, at Riverdale.

Among the other guests are Mr. and Mrs. George Durbin Chenoweth, of New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Emig, Mrs. Henry Churchill Cook, and Mrs. Charles Shawhan, of Alabama.

Susan, I must proceed now to make myself charming, for Mary Belle is coming to town today. If she is as pretty and sweet as her pictures, I am all prepared to lose my heart—but I'll write you about her next week. My love to your mother.

Yours, fondly,

JEAN ELIOT.

Flood Costs \$15,000,000.

Austin, Tex., April 25.—Seventeen bodies have been recovered in Austin and in surrounding counties, according to reports from the flood-swept district of Texas. Twelve others were reported missing. Estimates of the property loss are \$1,300,000.

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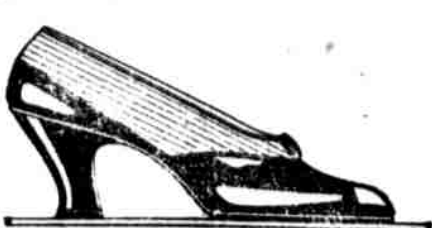
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